

There is no pleasure in loafing unless you have something to do.

Turn about is not considered fair play by the party in the treadmill.

If all the logs that have been logged into the Scully case are accurate there can be no further doubt that truth is stranger than fiction.

After all, it is the old, old, theme that interests us most. Senator Depew's description of his first kiss is about the best thing he ever did.

There are more men than women in this country, but what the latter lack in numbers they of course more than make up in excellence.

In point of maturity a horse 10 years old is said to be the equivalent of a man of 40. Both ought to have acquired good horse sense at that age.

One of the accomplishments Uncle Sam will look back upon with pride is that of changing the city of Havana from a pest house to a health resort.

The dying Amerer called his children about him and warned them to beware of Russia, which showed that he had not lived so long without learning a few things.

Henry Vignaux's investigation into Columbus' discovery of America has the earmarks of a court of inquiry. He alleges that Toscanelli's chart is bogus and his letter to Alfonso a fake.

"Household trade" is a better name than servant or domestic in a democratic country. In the household trades are the laundresses, cooks, housemaids, waiters and waitresses, chambermaids, dishwashers, etc.

A New Jersey pastor was so attentive to his wife during her illness that church affairs are said to have suffered thereby. So the members of the congregation refused to pay him his salary and he has been forced to resign.

A German professor has been figuring on the matter and finds that it takes a person a fourteenth of a second to wink. Now that this fact has been established will the professor still further demonstrate his usefulness to mankind by settling the question of the hen and a half, the egg and a half and the day and a half?

Look up. "There is nothing succeeds like success." There is another thing that approaches it, compel other people to believe you are successful. Many a man has redeemed and made a fortune by keeping a "stiff upper lip" before others. Always narrate your successes, tell where you have done well and keep your defeats strictly for home consumption.

The publisher of a recent American work of fiction comes forward with the further information that all the published copies of the book placed end to end would form a solid band 340,000 feet long. This leaves no room for doubt that the work is many miles ahead of anything else published in recent years, but with a knowledge of the cubic contents a much clearer idea of its merit would be obtainable.

There is a tendency to greater restriction in the practice of medicine. We have been so free in this country that we have become enervated, and justly, of the idea of a man doing pretty nearly as he pleases. But as our society has grown older, as cities have become larger and population denser we are beginning to see the need of greater protection against ignorant practitioners and quacks, because the general public cannot know things needed to protect itself.

Working for a living or in order to be independent makes women more self-reliant. They lose that clinging to and leaning upon the man which is so much admired in the home woman, and which so flatters the man's vanity that he is willing to carry the heaviest load that may be placed upon his shoulders. This independence and self-reliance is often taken by those who do not fully understand it as being an evidence of hardness and even manishness on the part of the woman. But in almost every instance the heart of the woman "will be found in the right place" and as warm and true as that of any of her sisters.

Almost a thousand years have passed since Eric the Red first sighted the southern extremity of Greenland. The northern limit of that vast archipelago was last year rounded by Lieut. Peary, who thus reached the most northerly land yet known. Of this feat, which Sir Clements Markham characterizes as second only in importance to reaching the pole, Peary writes in a recent letter: "Considering that I am an old man (he is only forty-five), with one broken leg and only three toes, I feel this was doing tolerably well." Truly, it takes a man of much performance to be modest!

Why is Theodore Roosevelt spoken of as the twenty-sixth President of the United States, when he is only the twenty-fifth man to hold that office? Obviously because some one thoughtlessly spoke of President Cleveland, whose two terms of office were disconnected, as the "twenty-second and twenty-fourth President" of the United States. But in a list of men, not of terms of office, should Mr. Cleveland be assigned two numbers? It is more logical to call him the twenty-second President of the United States, since he was the same man in both terms, and accordingly to call Mr. Roosevelt the twenty-fifth President. He is filling out the twenty-ninth Presidential term.

The bogus jewelry clause in the entertaining official proclamation which prescribes what the lords and ladies are to wear at King Edward's coronation is especially humorous. We knew

that all is not gold that glitters, but the information that titled dames parade themselves on state occasions decked in strings of bogus pearls and touched up with the flashings of glittering paste is quite too painful to be lightly believed. And yet what other construction can be placed upon the royal warning to flaunt no counterfeit gems in the kingly presence? Luckily there is no embargo placed on any of the other forms of beauty's enhancement. Powder and paint and the elusive upholstery of the feminine form will pass current as heretofore.

There was a time when the tramp was a man out of work—rarely anything more. He was entitled to sympathy and aid. He was willing to work and took to the road because work was not to be found in the city or town he called home. In his heart was a desire that caused him to take root where work and living wages were to be found. He was a good citizen in hard luck—misnamed a tramp. Then came a class of men who had laziness in their bones. They found charm in a vagabond existence. They found the bread of idleness sweet. Work was a last resort. As idleness leads to crime, many of them became criminals. The men who were worth saving searched for work till they found it, or, if they are still on the highway that leads from ocean to ocean, they will keep on searching till they land where their stout muscles are needed. The others are a menace. They go South in winter and range the Northern and Eastern States in the summer. They are not looking for work. They are professional tramps, who boast of the number of trips they have made across the country. They migrate like birds, seeking only for sunshine, food and almost constant rest. What to do with them is a problem. How to separate the deserving from the professional is also a problem. The jail is only a temporary solution. It does not punish the tramp, for it carries with it bed and board and long hours of rest. The world owes to every man who is willing to work a chance to make himself a good citizen. To the professional tourist, the vagabond by nature and instinct, who only needs opportunity to become a direct enemy of society, it owes nothing, not even sympathy.

What poor financiers some men are! Take the case of a certain Western judge. His position paid \$5,500 a year. That is not a big salary, but it is a comfortable income. It will not provide for a steam yacht or a private car. A family man cannot splurge to any great extent on \$5,500 a year. But he can live well and better than the millions. He can surround himself with comforts and be happy simply by adjusting his expenses to make them fit within the income. But the Judge says "no." He has thrown up the place, and gives as a reason that he cannot live on the salary. There is an army of people who write "can not" for "will not." They do not try, and they wreck themselves on the altar known as "keeping up appearances." That means living a few notches faster than your finances warrant. It means spending money that you do not possess. It means debts, and duns, and worry—the kind of worry that makes men look hunted, that keeps them awake when they should be sleeping. It shortens life, causes unhappiness and gray hairs, and is bad because of its general effect on society, as well as on the individual. Another man—this time a young fellow—wants to be purged of his debts in a New York bankruptcy court. He couldn't live on his income either. He didn't try. He didn't care. This fashionable young man was willing that his creditors should suffer so long as he was not troubled, and the referee in his case reports that his bankruptcy is the result of "rarely equalled and almost incredible ignorance and neglect." The people who are willing to work, and who do not insist on having luxuries and comforts that they cannot pay for, rarely resign good positions or trouble the bankruptcy courts with their personal affairs.

A Surprise for Roosevelt.
Vice-President Roosevelt was relating the other day one of the incidents of his life when Governor of the State of New York. "I had received a large package by express," he said, "and it was addressed 'His Excellency the Governor, Albany, N. Y.' I thought the sender of the package was somewhat formal to address me that way on the outside of a package, but my surprise was increased when I opened the bundle. I found a pair of battle axes, and a complete set of daggers and a half-score of old-fashioned blunderbusses. After examining the weapons I had almost concluded that some friend thought another war was in sight when a messenger appeared with an order to take the package away. On asking him the reason the messenger said that they were theatrical paraphernalia and belonged to 'His Excellency the Governor' company."—New York Tribune.

Mission of the Slot Machine.
The dearth of half-penny pieces, or pieces valued at 2½ cents, in Holland, has caused a new class of merchant to spring into existence, namely, the half-penny merchant, writes an Amsterdam correspondent. The scarcity of the coin in question has been caused by the widespread employment of the automatic gas meter, into which the Dutch housewife puts her half-penny. In the Netherlands it is the largest copper coin made, hence the 2½-cent piece or half-penny is being used for the gas meters and automatic machines generally. The Dutch mint does nothing to ease the scarcity, with the result that slowly but surely the half-penny is disappearing from use among the general public. The dealers in these coins sell them at the rate of one penny premium for every twenty coins, or 10 per cent profit.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Herr Krupp's Income.
Baron Krupp, the head of the great gun works, has declared his annual income for the purpose of taxation to be \$1,000,000. His fortune is valued at \$1,000,000. There are 80,000 employees of the Krupp works, and of this number 65,000 are workmen and 15,000 clerks.

Poets are born, but verse writers grow of their own accord.

A Photographic Accomplice

M. R. MOURDOFF, said the prosecuting attorney, "tell the story of the murder, just as you saw it committed."

The witness, a small, nervous man, took a new position on his chair, hesitated a moment, and then began to talk.

The audience in the court room waited expectantly.

They were of the usual types—the idle spectators, the sensation seekers, the newspaper reporters, and the scores of unclassifiable individuals who go to make up such a cosmopolitan throng.

The trial had dragged heavily until now, and had been a mere battle of lawyers; but with the advent of a new witness interest had been awakened, which had reached the feverish point when it was found that he knew the minute details of the crime.

Consequently, when he began to speak, the silence was painful.

"I am a photographer by profession," said Mourdoff in starting, "and am particularly interested in outdoor work. Often I take a landscape camera and wander through the woods, impressing upon the sensitive film the more beautiful and delicate bits of nature, thus bringing into my studio the fragments of the artistic forest."

"One Saturday afternoon—by reference to notes I find it was the 12th of July last—I started on one of my regular expeditions. 'I remember the day was a perfect one, and the whole plant world seemed dressed in holiday attire. After securing a number of excellent views I turned towards home, but stopped with an exclamation of delight as I beheld one of the prettiest, daintiest glades imaginable.'

"Quickly setting up my tripod, I focused the camera until the clear image of the scene was visible upon the



"UNDENIABLE PROOF OF THAT MAN'S GUILT."

ground glass behind. I was about to take the picture, when I heard the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps and angry voices.

"Now, in order to secure the proper distance effect, I had been obliged to set up my camera behind some bushes, through which, luckily for me, there was a small opening."

"Although this afforded a sufficient sight of my choice woodland scenery, yet none save a close observer would have seen anything, if looking from the other side. Hence, I decided to let whoever might be coming pass by, while I awaited their departure before taking the photograph."

"Sinking back into the couch of luxuriant grass and leaves, I idly watched for the newcomers."

"A tall, muscular man presently stepped into sight, and was soon followed by a second. Both resumed the quarrel of a minute before as they paused in the open space, neither of them conscious that they had an unwilling listener."

"The men were too far away for me to hear just what they were saying, but I gathered that there was some trouble concerning money matters, which they were unable to settle. I did not care to be an eavesdropper, and so was about to proclaim my presence, when I heard one of them sneeringly remark that if he wished to be a thief he would follow the other's example, but that for his part the reputation was not an enviable one."

"His companion said nothing—a silence, the dangerous intensity of which I did not then comprehend; and the two turned to go. As they did so I pushed aside the branches and glanced at their faces, only to see two strangers, one of whom was the prisoner who sits there."

"A cloud was rapidly obscuring the sun, and as I desired the picture to be well lighted, I made ready to open the lens as soon as the men were out of the way."

"Standing with my back to the glade, I carefully adjusted the delicate mechanism of the camera, and soon had all in readiness to snap it."

"Suddenly there was a sharp, ringing report behind me. I whirled quickly around, and in the motion gave the rubber bulb in my hand a faint pressure, without realizing what I was doing; and only discovered, when I heard the metallic click of the shutter, as it closed after its instantaneous movement, that I had taken the photograph!"

"When my startled senses came back to me I saw a bleeding form lying on the ground, while a few yards away a man was running."

"The body which lay on the thick, green grass was that of a man whose death caused this trial; and the cowardly, fleeing assassin, the man who would not face the consequences of his deed, was the prisoner, John Evans."

The witness took a glass of water, wiped his heated brow, and looked about him.

The spectators, too interested to think, gaspingly drew back in their chairs. The prisoner, a handsome, honest-looking man, sat motionless and stunned.

"That night," said Mr. Mourdoff, resuming his narrative, "I developed the plate that was in the camera, and you may be sure I watched with interest and hope as the picture gradually began to form."

"Bit by bit the trees came out; the long shadows deeply indented the glass in their reverse color of pure white; the grass, like a bunch of tangled thread, gathered into a discernible mass; and then, last of all, the two men's images stood out on the dull gray surface."

"By means of a solution of alcohol I dried the negative at once, and by using a developing paper, I soon had a perfect print."

"The photograph is more than a mere curiosity; it is the study of a crime. On it you can see undeniable proof of that man's guilt; see the manner of the killing; see the already dying victim."

"That is the extent of my knowledge of this murder."

In a dazed, uncertain fashion, the man on trial for his life gazed at the photograph which the lawyer held in his hand.

He seemed unable to comprehend the story, and his eyes beseechingly asked for a glance at the picture which he could not understand.

But the prosecuting attorney had fame and a name yet to gain, and heeded not the pleading now expressed in the mute, quivering mouth; what difference could it make, at any rate? The picture was a remarkably distinct one.

Before a background of tangled trees, merging into the matted grass at their base, stood two men; one with an explosive rifle in his hand, was on the extreme right; and the other, on the left side, was falling, his arms thrown up in a way that left no doubt as to the human target his companion had chosen. The murderer, whose calm face harmonized with his cool firing, was unquestionably the present prisoner, John Evans. The other was the man who had been found dead with a bullet in his forehead."

The first of the twelve jurymen held out his hand and took the photograph.

For a moment he gazed critically at the bit of cardboard, then a grim look of determined duty overspread his face—a look which caused the attorney for the State to lean comfortably back and watch his face in a contented smile.

One after another of the jury passed the picture on to his neighbor, some with pitying glances at the puzzled prisoner, some with the longing for him clearly shown in their shrinking countenances; but one and all with an unmistakable verdict plainly written on their persons.

A short half hour later the jury filed back into the court room, and the foreman stood up.

"We find the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree, as charged," was all he said.

Wrapped in an outer covering of heavy paper, the Governor one day received an envelope bearing the inscription, "To be sent to the Governor of the State after my death."

Inside was a signed and duly attested confession, which read,—

"In the late Evans murder trial I, Robert Mourdoff, gave false testimony in regard to the killing of Andrew Cordon. In this confession, which shall be read only after my death, I wish to state that I was the murderer of Andrew Cordon. The photograph displayed in court was an elaborate affair which I made—skillfully, I congratulate myself—and it had no real value at all."

"For years Cordon and I have been enemies. I hated him and he hated me, although to the world we were casual friends. I murdered him on that fateful Saturday, July 12th."

"How was it done? I'll tell you."

"During the past year many dealers in photographic goods have offered for sale a little article, under the name of 'multiplying attachment,' which enables the operator of a camera to take two pictures on the same plate."

"It is a small, round instrument to fit over the lens, and as one side only has a hole in it, but one-half of the photograph is taken at once. Then, by revolving the opening at the opposite side, the other portion may be completed, with no dividing line where the sections join."

"For instance, in my studio I have a view of a house, with two young men on the lawn. As a matter of fact, there is but one man photographed twice, yet most people pride themselves on recognizing that the gentlemen are twins."

"Again, I have two deadly enemies bowing politely to each other—seemingly doing it a long time over the road, running through the forest of Bialowiza and did much damage. He stopped carriages or sleighs, especially those laden with hay. If the peasants threatened him he charged and threw the sleigh over. Horses were terrified at the sight of him and seemed to lose their senses."

"One day in July I left the studio, taking with me a multiplying attachment, and went to a place where I knew both Evans and Cordon would come during the afternoon."

"Evans was the first to arrive, and he halted in front of my camera, as I expected (having set up a dead quail a few yards away). Carefully aiming at it, he fired—fired just as I snapped the shutter into position; and half of my photograph was completed."

"Cordon came soon after for a drink at the little spring, and I went forth to meet him. We quarreled; we always did when we met; but to-day I gave in, and he was elated—poor devil! By some adroit maneuvering I placed him in position, and told him to remain there while I secured a view of the scenery, with human life—a most needed requisite of outdoor work—in it."

"He objected to doing a favor for me at first, but finally consented in a surly way to stand still for a second. Then I went behind the bushes to my camera, turned the multiplier, picked up my rifle and shot him—killed him instantly."

ly, I think; and as he fell I exposed the other half of my negative."

"The photograph was taken; on one side Evans stood aiming a gun, on a line with the rifle on the opposite side was Cordon, falling dead. The thing was complete to the smallest details."

"What a triumph for photography! Art conquering truth!"

"I need only to add that Evans proposed to, and was accepted by, the girl already engaged to me. I loved her as I never loved before or since—and it happened five years ago."

"You know how I felt; Evans had ruined me; I must ruin him. But I no longer feel the bitterness towards him that I once did. I think he has suffered enough already for the injury he did me, and I think he should go free."

"I understand he is to be hanged next month; and to-night I die by my own hand, so there will be ample time to save him."

"Once more I wish to say, John Evans is innocent; I murdered Cordon. I am going to have witnesses to my signature, and after that—"

The Governor laid down the confession in horror. Owing to a change in arrangements Evans had met death on the scaffold the day before.—The Argosy.

COST OF KEEPING CLEAN.

One of the Masculine Gender Keeps an Account.

"Did you ever stop to think about how much it costs a man to keep clean, to keep in what the world would call a presentable condition?" asked a rather fastidious gentleman yesterday, who also has an eye to the economical side of life.

"It is no small thing when you come to think about it, and independent of the things a man is required to buy during the year, the bill will run up to a rather neat sum. Men are forced to buy many things which are never counted in the cost of living when he foots up the bill at the end of the year, and yet they tell in the aggregate when it comes to his bank account and his income generally. But I was thinking of the plain, ordinary proposition of keeping one's self clean. Take, for instance, the matter of laundry. The average cost to a single man is at least 50 cents a week, and frequently the bill runs much above this figure. Clean clothes on this basis will cost \$26 a year. Then there is a fellow's barber bill, the cost of shaves, shampoos, hair cuts and shins, and baths, and all these things tend to run the bill up."

"Supposing that a man will take two shaves every week, and this is the average, this would make a total of 104 shaves during the year, and at the minimum price of 10 cents for each shave it would amount at the end of the year to \$10.40. Baths, on an average of one each week, and at a cost of 25 cents for each bath, would cost \$13 a year. If he averages two shins a week at a minimum of 5 cents for each shave, the bill will amount to \$5.20 for a year. One hair cut a month, at the rate of 25 cents, and one shampoo, at the same rate, would amount to \$8."

"Taking these things, and allowing for tips and things of that sort, it will be seen that a man will spend probably \$75 every year in keeping clean, and when you come to think of this amount it will really clothe the average fellow who makes no effort to keep up with the changes which mark the course of fashion. As a matter of fact, there are a great many men who do not spend this much for clothes during the year. It may be safely estimated that the average man spends more in actually keeping his body and his clothes clean than he does for the things which clothe his body, and these things manage to keep his bank account down to that extent."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

THE DECLINE OF UNCAS.

The Last of the Wild Cattle of America and Europe.

Last year the rumor went round that there might be a herd of, say, fifteen, wild wood-bison in the wooded wilderness of northwestern Canada, but this is generally believed now to be an unfounded rumor, and America is without its wild bison. There are some of these huge ungulates in captivity, but these are mostly crosses of domestic cattle and the children of the former "lord of the plains." At present genuine buffalo heads, horns and hides are very valuable, and the specimen which has been prepared for the Philadelphia Zoological Society by David McCadden is worth several hundred dollars. When we look back and see that less than thirty years ago, in 1872, 73 and '74, from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 buffalo were slain on our western plains for their hides, it seems not incredible that this tribe should be so effectually wiped out.

Few Americans are aware of the fact that at one time Europe was roamed over by an animal very like our buffalo, says the Philadelphia Record. Piny and other early writers termed it the "bonassus" and to naturalists it is known to-day as "bison bonassus," while the American congener is called "bison bison." But Europe still has its wild bison, while America has not. The European bison bonassus now lives in the forest of Bialowiza in Lithuania, where it is protected by the Czar of Russia and roams wild in the Caucasus. It is a powerful, savage brute, which stands six feet in height and measures eleven feet in length. The angry bonassus puts out his dark-red tongue, rolls his red eyes and dashes with fury at the object of his wrath. An old bull bled for a long time over the road running through the forest of Bialowiza and did much damage. He stopped carriages or sleighs, especially those laden with hay. If the peasants threatened him he charged and threw the sleigh over. Horses were terrified at the sight of him and seemed to lose their senses."

Oftenest Lame on the Left Side.

Eighty-five per cent of the people who are lame are affected on the left side.

Some time in her life every rich girl puts on a fancy apron and cap, and waits on the table at a church fair, and doesn't see why the life of a restaurant girl is so hard.

It takes a long time to reduce the swelling in a man's head.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent World Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

"I wish I dared to ask you something, Miss Millie," said Archie, with trembling voice and quivering chin. "Why don't you dare to ask it?" the maiden said, demurely.

"Because I can see 'no' in your eyes." "In both of them?"

"Yes." "Well, don't you—don't you know two negatives are equivalent to another dare you, sir! Take your arm from around my waist, instantly!"

But he didn't.—Chicago Tribune.

Raised 'Em by Hand. Hubbubs—I suppose you raise all your own vegetables? Subbubs—Yes; when the dumb waiter isn't out of order.—Philadelphia Record.

Misunderstood.



Woman—You say you have no home and no family; well, if you will clean up the yard, whitewash the fence and saw and split that pile of wood, I might be willing to—

Tramp—Excuse me, madam, this is not leap year. Good day.

Tight Fits. "Shoes and bathing suits," said the janitor philosopher, "are things women always get too small for them."—Chicago News.

An Omission. "She declares that she is single from choice," said Miss Kittish. "But did she say whose choice?" asked Miss Frocks.

In the Hallroom. She—Do you dance, Mr. Skiggleton? He (modestly)—Well, my teacher said I did when I left the academy, but those ladies I have danced with since express a different opinion.

Lack of Confidence. Assistant—Is the meaning of this poem absolutely incomprehensible to you? Magazine Editor—Absolutely! You're going to accept it, aren't you? "Oh, yes. But I wasn't willing to trust my own judgment."—Life.

A Friendly Tip. Biggs—I wonder what makes my eyes so weak? Diggs—I don't know, unless it's because they are in a weak place.—Chicago News.

Exasperating Amiability. "Amiable people are often so exasperating." "Yes; I wonder if that is what makes them feel so amiable."—Detroit Free Press.

His Way of Traveling. Representative Nue—What do you consider the most convenient and economical way to travel? Senator Pulem—On a pass.

Drawing Conclusions. Blowitz—Hear about my luck? I got a job six weeks ago at \$30 a week with a promise of \$40 after the first month if my work was satisfactory. Newitt—Too bad! What are you doing now?

At the Hospital. "To be sure," said the kindly minister to the man who had lost both his legs in a railway accident, "you have been seriously injured, but you must be grateful that your life is spared."

"Yes," said the sufferer, trying to look cheerful. "I can't kick."—Somer-ville Journal.

As Usual. Mrs. Von Blumer—That cook was the worst thing I ever had in my house.

Von Blumer—Yes, you acted as if you didn't like her. "I couldn't help it. Why, it was all I could do to write her out a good recommendation."—Life.

Another Compliment Gone Wrong. "This pie is excellent," said the minister, who had been invited out to tea, and Mrs. Bjenkins, being a church member, had to swallow her pride and say: "Yes, I got it at the baker's."—Somer-ville Journal.

Owning Up. Miss Jimplicute—Are you fond of animals, Mr. Wyndham? Mr. Wyndham—Well, I like spring lamb.—Somer-ville Journal.

But Not from Her. "Well, what on earth did he marry for?" "For sympathy." "And he didn't get even that?" "Oh, yes, from his friends."—Philadelphia Press.

Absorbed His. Muggins—Do you believe that a husband and wife gradually absorb each other's characteristics and become as one? Buggins—Certainly. When I first married my wife she didn't have a pebble to her name.—Philadelphia Record.

Knew How to Manage Her. Bingo (tip-toeing into his wife's room, in a whisper)—I've brought three friends home to dinner, unexpectedly. Mrs. Bingo (aghast)—What?

Bingo—Yes, I have. They're downstairs.

Mrs. Bingo—You wretch! Bingo—Now, my dear. I couldn't get out of it!

Mrs. Bingo (haughtily)—Then you'll have to take the consequences.

Bingo—But— Mrs. Bingo—You'll have to put up with practically nothing.

Bingo—That's what I told them. Mrs. Bingo—You did? Bingo—Yes, I told them that they needn't expect a single thing—that we'd scrape around in the kitchen if necessary and pick up whatever we could. And that, as I hadn't let you know, that was the best we could do.

Mrs. Bingo—What did you tell them that for? Bingo—It's the truth, isn't it? Mrs. Bingo—Certainly not! As if it makes any difference to me how many friends you bring home! I'll show you!—Puck.

What Her Hat Cost. "How do you like my new hat?" asked the first woman of the other at the matinee. "The total cost was only \$20."

"Pardon me, madame," chimed in the disgruntled man behind, "but you should include the price of my seat, which makes the total \$21.50."—Philadelphia Press.

The Only Danger. "The 4 o'clock train! I thought you said 6 o'clock. It is after 2 now. I shall not have time to pack and dress!" "There's plenty of time, my dear—if you don't hurry."—Life.